Dateline: Palestine

By George Weller

Dear Reader,

Although I am a reporter, I have difficulty, even with the aid of television, in comprehending the unpleasant events in Palestine, now partly known as "Israel." In these scenes, when stones are thrown, they land silently and never hit anybody. Arrests follow. There are scuffles. Sometimes private residences are blown up, not singly but in bunches.

Then there are scenes of Arabs being expelled by what appear to be Jews in Eisenhower jackets, hatless. There are no scenes of trials, stockades or family visits.

Some explanations are in order. The wasteful contagion spreading out worldwide from Palestine is the vile struggle of terrorists against hostages. The disease is airborne, traveling on defoliated aircraft where a stray shot can bring death to all.

With so many, apparently all Arabs, being expelled from Palestine, I fear that the public grasp of what is going on may grow as clouded as it has for me. Hence, to compensate, I suggest that the quota of witnesses be built up. More tents will doubtless be required. Here we could possibly be helpful. Yours, etc.

**********

George Weller, Harvard educated and Nieman Fellow (1948), is an historian, novelist, playwright and foreign correspondent (1932-88; Pulitzer, 1943). George reports on the Middle East and Mediterranean. He resides in Italy and the United States.

Back in 1940, when I arrived in New York, I was not aware that Jews fleeing Germany went anywhere else than to that city. I had come back to America a few years before, after a four-year stint in Greece for the New York Times. The war was creeping east, down the Balkans into Albania.

I found his wife, and she was honest, but not wholly encouraging. She wanted him to come back. But she could not honestly insist that I would enjoy the work. Nor did he. The fugitives, he wrote, were mostly middle-aged, often corpulent. But they had tarried too long in soft Switzerland. At times, climbing the Pyrenees, they almost broke down. They had feuds. I suggested that perhaps they would be better off going where I intended to go, to the Middle East. "Pakistan?" she responded. "Never! Not after Switzerland." First New York, then California? "Talented people," she reminded me.

They included Franz Werfel and Lion Feuchtwanger, novelists. The harbor reporters met them, and Feuchtwanger, in particular, talked about his rigors, painfully hiking across the Pyrenees. "Worse than Palestine?" a reporter asked. "Equal," said Feuchtwanger. "No, even worse." Apparently Palestine was somehow wrong, as a refuge. Warm like California, but not quite right.

It occurred to me that there were other influential Jews who were staying quietly in Europe. Gertrude Stein and Alice Toklas, on the French border, Bernard Berenson still in Florence, all fastidious people. They weren't going eastward to Palestine, the sanctuary where Jews were supposed to have a home. Evidently something was not quite right in Palestine. Perhaps the Holy Land was reserved for poor Jews. I determined to find out.

Nobody talked about Palestine in New York, perhaps because for Jews young or old there was no promise
About This Issue

A tribute on page 11 is offered to three Americans, recently deceased, whose combined experience in the Middle East exceeded 150 years. John Davis, George Renzt and Edwin Wright were typical of not a few Americans whose professions had taken them to the Middle East and who, on returning home, dared to challenge the negative Arab stereotyping they encountered. Their presence on our Board of Directors and National Council has been inspiration to all of us at A.M.E.U.

George Weller, our feature writer, is a prize-winning war correspondent, whose professional work in the Middle East spans 45 years, and counting. We asked George to look back over his eventful career and to tell of the stories he covered for the Chicago Daily News, of the personalities he interviewed, and, often enough, of the stories behind the stories.

Our Notice Section on page 11 includes several urgent items regarding the Palestinian uprising.

Finally, in order to update our Spring 1988 Book Catalogue, we have listed our entire new offering of 49 books on pages 12-15.

John F. Mahoney, Executive Director

there. And farming lacked status. There was only one country, besides America, for which Jews felt their enduring affinity for art, power, status, self-expression and possibly even sure "contracts." That was Russia.

Palestine, however, had something that could not be denied. It had history, mystery, dignity. With three world religions, Palestine had thelugubrious, skeptical expression of a camel, always looking over people's heads, far, far away.

After Greece fell in 1941, I saw the long procession of Hitler's gliders crest the ridge of Hymettos on the way to Crete. I also lost my chance to escape forward to Palestine. The Gestapo took me to Berlin, guarded. Exchanging me for a German reporter in Washington, they allowed me to overfly legally the route of Fry's gifted circus, through France and Spain to liberty in Lisbon. I passed through Cairo, but had to scurry east to cover Singapore's fall to the Japanese.

It was two more years of war before I finally got back to Cairo and another chance at promised Palestine.

The extraordinary thing was that Palestine, without losing any of its expected Arabism, had been at last occupied, almost, by the Germans. Not the Germans of Rommel's army, now driven back from Alamein, but by German Jews.

This was the place where the literary Jews didn't want to go. They had arrived, however, in the mid-30's, more like studious tourists than fugitives, with their gold spectacles and polished shoes, with their wires in white hats and white shoes. By now they spoke English beautifully, as befitted lawyers, teachers and engineers.

This was the early program of Hitler: to siphon the Jewish intellec-
tual class overseas in order to open places for nationalists in the unem-
ployed middle class. Jews were creating their own colonies overseas, colonies that were not fully hostile, nor quite friendly either, merely busi-
nesslike. They brought their household things, their books, pets, and garments, even carpets!

Hitler tried to do the same thing in Madagascar, and failed. But the experiment worked smoothly with the British. It did not please the Arabs, for whom a German Jew was never a German and always a Jew, a settler.

They soon reached 100,000, outnumbering both the British civilians and the handful of authentic, Zionist Jews. The thought of a small, experimental Jewish homeland, perhaps somewhere along Galilee, facing the Golan Heights, handy to both Syria and Jordan, gradually took shape. After all, nobody was thinking of giving Palestine back to Turkey.

Such a Jewish Vaterland, of course, would have to be shared with prickly Russian Jews who had already trickled into Palestine as escapees from the Tsar. But these militants were the same mercurial Russian and Polish Jews who were now taking over the Jewish role in the American middle class, energetically replacing the reigning Schiffs and Warburgs, Oppenheims and Schlessingers.

In fact, in the twenties, Louis Brandeis and Felix Frankfurter had been alarmed when the persuasive Mr. Weizmann, who sold Lloyd George the Balfour idea, had begun also mopping up in America all the Zionists for his organization. No wonder Brandeis had demanded his German Jews "organize, organize, organize," to hold off the Weizmann who came from Pinsk and never stopped pushing east.

If this double "Israel" happened also in Palestine, the German Jews would resist. They had made Berlin, not London, the first capital of the Zionism of the debonair, un-ghettoish playwright Theodore Herzl of Vienna-Budapest. They would not surrender their founder's rights. Herzl had died young, worn-out by his struggles with the power-hungry Russian Zionists. They wanted an "Israel" that was all Palestine, not a small Palestine enclave in Herzl's idealistic, Swiss-like federation, including Cyprus, northern Egypt and maybe Uganda or Sinai. No German Jewish bankers would be allowed to
make Palestinian serfs of Russian kulaks.

Of course the real objective of this struggle between Hitler’s Jews and the Tsar’s Russian Jews was to swallow Palestine without coming into open conflict with the more numerous, but poorer Arabs. Neither of them were Semites of the lands of sand. They were Turks, and they both came from the tents of the steppe, like Huns or Mongols.

Their rabbis rarely discussed the great gap in their histories. The Khazhhs were driven out of the east, in the eighth century. They arrived at the strategic land bridge where the Volga almost joins the Don, before both divert south, to the Caspian and the Black seas. For three centuries they settled there, became urbanized merchants, converted themselves willingly to Judaism and talked of visiting Jerusalem but never did. To rise from shamanism to Judaism, and acquire a heritage, even though borrowed, was enough for them. They called their land Khaziria. They became temptingly rich on fees they charged for freight transfer between the two rivers. They were attacked in the tenth century by Slavic Christians from the north, scattered and made their own way to northern Russia and Poland, burying their Turkish origin.

The British got an Arab warning, in 1939, and stopped alien white immigration at 75,000. Of course, though Palestine was an Arab country, they were likewise careful about not being flooded with too many agitators from the Fertile Crescent. Hitler, until he lost Hess, his trusted Middle East adviser, to his abortive British peace mission, was too smart to allow Britain to carry out this whole smooth scenario. To him Zionists should find themselves a country and stay there. As Hitler and Hess saw the future, Palestine might be taken over by some Jewish guerrillas out of the working class. So he helped the rightist underground militia, trained them and funded them for the future, when they would push the Russian and German Jews out of power. The aim was a pro-German Israel, gratefully cooperating with an extended Reich. Exactly which way would the two Jewish sects jump, now that Field Marshal Rommel had lost the capture of Cairo, Jerusalem and the channel? I made soundings. To advise me I selected a soldierly Jew, neither German nor Russo-Polish. In Lawrence’s day he had been an officer in the German-trained Turkish army; he knew the seduction of wild Syria, and spoke perfect Arabic. He was now head of an unpredictable entity called “the Jewish Agency.” This American-funded mini-government might become the nucleus of an “Israel” that might be permitted under the coming British mandate. His name was then Moshe Sharet, later Shertok.

Israel’s future premier and foreign minister was a trim, fiftyish man, relaxed by the victory at hand. Or so I imagined.

“What a relief to be across the Rhine,” I said. “It’s practically over.”

“I don’t quite follow you,” he said.

“Well, the original Germans will be going back and recover their homes. Germany will need them.”

“Germany may have to get along without them.”

“But return was the objective of the allies,” I said. “That’s why Roosevelt sent us over here, our goal.”

“Not necessarily that of the Jewish people.”

“Better than being seconds in a British colony, no?”

“Is Palestine going to be a British colony? How do you know? Who told you that?”

I recalled that when Louis Brandeis returned from Versailles to serve on the Supreme Court, he and Felix Frankfurter had a Jewish map that took the Litani River away from France’s Lebanon and gave it to Palestine.

A Jewish state then? What of the Arabs?

“If some Jews join you, won’t you be outnumbered by these new Arab states?”

“We expect that. But Arabs have a fatal weakness. They always mistrust each other. Never can they unite against us.”

Very amiably, my chosen sage shrugged. We parted.

Sharet was looking far ahead. In his long diary in Hebrew, saved by his son but never permitted translation in Israel, he later explained how, in 1955, Dayan already proposed to him and Ben-Gurion a way to take Lebanon by degrees, beginning with the water. The push northward was planned a year before Israel’s strike toward the Suez Canal with the British and French. Dayan’s plan horrified Sharet. Dayan wanted the three of them to select some young major in Lebanon’s Christian army and bribe him to make up a disloyal faction in order to hand southern Lebanon to Israel. Today the northern grab has become a reality.

The Jewish Underground

I received orders to leave the Middle East, and go east to the Pacific front. I crept eastward by dusty truck to Iran. I paused in Baghdad and had a hailing interview with little King-to-be Feisal. He asked me to send him some American funny papers, especially Superman. Ten years later he was butchered in a revolution, along with his affable uncle and an American newspaperman, both my friends.

A few months later I picked up the Zionist trail again in Europe in the rocco hotels of the Austrian Alps, at Salzburg. A new, more plebian army of eastern Jews had chased out the GI personnel. This was the flabby American zone of command, not the sterner British command. Jewish guards were organized by agents newly arrived from Palestine, mostly Irgun. They were barricaded in and would not receive American consular officials. Petitions were ready, declar-
ing that they had voted never to go anywhere but "Israel," the Palestine the British had closed. These Jews gladly satirized themselves with dreams of making the desert bloom.

It was during this period that Mathi-kle Krim, an Italian Catholic, joined the Irgun and became a bicyclist messenger, running explosives down to Italy, where the secret blockade-running ships left. In Palestine she became courier for Irgun leader Menachen Begin. Eventually she would turn up in President Johnson's Zionist shadow cabinet, with her American husband, dictating speeches committing him more openly to Israel's expansion in the 1967 war.

Ben Hecht, a fellow reporter on the Chicago Daily News, was at this time amassing arms for the same underground. He hated Ben-Gurion and was determined to put Begin in his place of power. Austrian "volunteers," also under close discipline of the Irgun, were encouraged to write protesting messages to each U.S. Congressman, demanding that Brit ain sweep aside the Arabs and let in the ships of the invaders, mostly Russian Jews. The Congressmen gladly obeyed. The officers received cables from the Pentagon to relax. The new Israelis poured southward, to Genoa for boats, Milan for forged papers.

Jewish American welfare teams combed the African shores of the Mediterranean for Jews. The rich remained, but the poor were given funds to go.

I flew to Libya and visited the des ert towns of the interior. The Americans had come with trucks, telling Jews to hurry to Tripoli, not to miss the boat. A mayor said: "We hated to lose them. We followed them to the sea. We said: 'You have been happy with us. These Ashkenazis do not like the Sephardics. Do not trust their promises. Stay with us. Come back!'"

So when the Bedu came in from the desert, we had to tell them, 'the Yehud have gone to Falastin. Now you must ride to the coast and your women will not see the Yehud who make your bracelets and necklaces.'"

I followed the migration by train into Rome, where the Jews had al ready established themselves in Ostia, the seaport. Later, when Jews flew from Russia to Vienna, they refused to wait there for American visas. They were not Zionists, and did not want to fight Arabs. They refused to go to Israel. They still went to Ostia, and some fell into the drug trade.

Then an astonishing headline appeared in Rome: "Terrorists Blow Up British Embassy." I went there and walked around the shattered pink walls, strewn with papers. The police had word that it was "Jews." The Italians guessed instantly that Palestine was up for grabs.

The Haganah, the regular Jewish army under Ben-Gurion, got most of the headlines, but were not yet ready to fight the British directly. In the war of sabotage, the Irgun remained ob scure, but very active. The Americans preferred the nicer, older Jews of Ben Gurion and Dayan.

This decision annoyed Irgun, be cause it meant that the Zionist faction of Weizmann and Ben-Gurion, still closest to Truman, were likely to win recognition for themselves. Weissmann tried to keep the Americans from getting political. He was getting German planes from the Jews of Czechoslovakia's cabinet, but trying to warn the Americans that they must hurry up and recognize "Israel" first, lest Stalin win priority.

Soon President Harry Truman found himself under pressure from the Russian Zionists to "save Israel from Communism." To juggle Truman's hand, an unknown terrorist sent the White House a letter bomb. The FBI intercepted it, but would not allow Truman to release the threat to the press. It would have seemed that when he recognized Is rael, he was doing so out of fear for his family.

An old military maxim suggests that an underground can never win a war alone, without regulars to take over command and establish a govern ment. In Palestine all sides paused, on hold while regular Arab and Jewish armies, not partisans, prepared to occupy Jerusalem. But they were slow and disorganized. Irgun had its own thin supply line from its American dumps on the coast. But it had also formed what became a new Israeli (and old Japa nese) slogan: "Win the war first, then fight."

Weight of arms favored Ben Gurion's Haganah, with a CIA of its own called the "Palmach." Palmach kept an eye on the two, rival amateur ish undergrounds of Begin and Sha mir, checking any indigenous mas sacres, while the regular Haganah rolled up the territory. Although still on coast, piling up weapons, Haganah already had a top command look out in Jerusalem itself, a ticket to le gitimacy over the partisans as being "first in Jerusalem."

What neither Arab nor Haganah yet knew was that the two guerrilla forces were no longer quarrelling about turf or soft targets. Determined to spoil Weissmann's advantage in Washington, they had come to terms. What they planned was to steal the entire struggle for themselves. Victory, however, required betrayal of the simple, unarmed Palestinian peasants who had sheltered their men, and then butchering them wholesale. The two forces of Shamir and Begin would take the lead.

Deir Yassin

Contrary to common report, the Arab armies were small, and the Egyptians and Iraqis had long inefficient lines of supply. On the long hillsides, from Jerusalem to the Jordan, lay scores of quivering, unprotected villages, empty of male young recruits, not worth occupying.
Prominent Jews Issue Warning

The following letter to the editor appeared in the New York Times on December 4, 1948. Co-signed by twenty-eight prominent Jews, the letter provided unsettling commentary about Menachem Begin's past actions and his impending visit to the United States.

Among the most disturbing political phenomena of our time is the emergence in the newly created state of Israel of the "Freedom Party" (Tnueyat Haheirut), a political party closely akin in its organization, methods, political philosophy, and social appeal to the Nazi and Fascist parties. It was formed out of the membership and following of the former Irgun Zvai Leumi, a terrorist, right-wing, chauvinist organization in Palestine.

The current visit of Menachem Begin, leader of this party, to the United States is obviously calculated to give the impression of American support for his party in the coming Israeli elections, and to cement political ties with conservative Zionist elements in the United States. Several Americans of national repute have lent their names to welcome his visit. It is inconceivable that those who oppose fascism throughout the world, if correctly informed as to Mr. Begin's political record and perspective, could add their names and support to the movement he represents.

Before irreparable damage is done by way of financial contributions, public manifestins in Begin's behalf and the creation in Palestine of the impression that a large segment of America supports Fascist elements in Israel, the American public must be informed as to the record and objectives of Mr. Begin and his movement.

The public avowals of Begin's party are no guide whatever to its actual character. Today they speak of freedom, democracy, and anti-imperialism, whereas recently they openly preached the doctrine of the Fascist State. It is in its actions that the terrorist party betrays its real character: from its past actions we can judge what it may be expected to do in the future.

A shocking example was their behavior in the Arab village of Deir Yassin. This village, off the main roads and surrounded by Jewish lands, had taken no part in the war, and had even fought off Arab bands who wanted to use the village as their base. On April 9, terrorist bands attacked the peaceful village, which was not a military objective in the fighting, killed most of its inhabitants—240 men, women, and children—and kept a few of them alive to parade as captives through the streets of Jerusalem. Most of the Jewish community was horrified at the deed, and the Jewish Agency sent a telegram of apology to King Abdullah of Transjordan. But the terrorists, far from being ashamed of their act, were proud of this massacre, publicized it widely, and invited all the foreign correspondents present in the country to view the heaped corpses and general havoc at Deir Yassin.

The Deir Yassin incident exemplifies the character and actions of the Freedom Party.

Within the Jewish community they have preached an admixture of ultranationalism, religious mysticism, and racial superiority. Like other Fascist parties, they have been used to break strikes, and have themselves pressed for the destruction of trade unions. In their stead they have proposed corporate unions on the Italian Fascist model.

During the last years of sporadic anti-British violence, the IZL (Irgun Zvai Leumi) and Stern groups inaugurated a reign of terror in the Palestinian Jewish community. Teachers were beaten up for speaking against them; adults were shot for not letting their children join them. By gangster methods, beatings, window smashing, and widespread robberies, the terrorists intimidated the population and exacted a heavy tribute.

The people of the Freedom Party had no part in the constructive achievements in Palestine. They claimed no land, built no settlements, and only detracted from the Jewish defense activity. Their much publicized immigration endeavors were minute, and devoted to bringing in Fascist compatriots.

The discrepancies between the bold claims now being made by Begin and his party, and their record of past performance in Palestine bear the imprint of no ordinary political party. This is the unmistakable stamp of a Fascist party for whom terrorism (against Jews, Arabs, and British alike) and misrepresentation are means, and a "Leader State" is their goal.

In the light of the foregoing considerations, it is imperative that the truth about Mr. Begin and his movement be made known in this country. It is the more tragic that the top leadership of American Zionists has refused to campaign against Begin's efforts, or even to expose to its own constituents the dangers to Israel from the support to Begin.

The undersigned therefore take the means of publicly presenting a few salient facts concerning Begin and his party, and of urging all concerned not to support this latest manifestation of Fascism.

Isidore Abromowitz
Hannah Arendt
Abraham Brick
Rabbi Jessurun Cardozo
Albert Einstein
Herman Eisen, M.D.
Hayim Fineman
M. Galen, M.D.
H.H. Harris
Zelting Harris
Sidney Hook
Fred Karush
Bruria Kaufman
Irma L. Lindheim
Nachman Maisel
Seymour Melman
Myer D. Mendelson, M.D.
Harry Orinsky
Samuel Pitlick
Fritz Rohrlich
Louis P. Rocker
Ruth Sager
Izhak Sankowaly
I.J. Schoenberg
Samuel Schuman
Irma Wolfe
Stefan Wolfe
M. Zinger
The plan of Shamir and Begin was to drop on Deir Yassin, a village of refuge, untouched by war. Fearing no counterattack, they were able to rouse the whole village with loudspeakers, easily audible for miles. Then they simply closed in and butchered everybody. There was no lining up of young males, no swift trial, no denunciation, no formal firing squad. Eighty Irgun (Begin's men) and 40 Lehi (Shamir's men) simply killed 254 Palestinian men, women and children.

The word spread from village to village. If the Lehi and Irgun had wiped out a friendly village for no reason, before the expected war had started, what was to happen to the others? Instantly, everyone knew. Where could they go? Nowhere but across the Jordan into the land of the Beduin, a retreat among old enemies.

Suddenly all the plans of the Arab armies, all the partition of zones of attack, became pointless. The heart of Palestine was suddenly empty. Even the guerrillas vanished. It was over. Nobody to protect. A land emptied of its 600,000 owners.

The only revenge Jordanians could think of as retaliation was to pursue up Mount Scopus a Jewish hospital party, infantry, doctors and nurses, and kill 77 of them. But the war was over.

There was only one thing left unfinished, and only the Lehi under Shamir recognized the political reality. Palestine was now, with the British gone, a no man's land, the responsibility of the United Nations. The U.N. was a necessary instrument for the new Israel, because it was a worldwide instrument of the victorious U.S. and allies. How could Israel be recognized, after this unspeakable victory, by the world powers? Easy: condemn the "unknown," "unofficial" killer teams and push forward the recognition.

One difficulty remained. A Swedish welfarist of royal lineage, Count Folk Bernadotte, who had saved many Jews from Nazi death camps, was chosen as High Commissioner for the U.N. He had a plan for division of Palestine. The Jews wanted all the leverage they could get. To obey the "act-first" imperative was obviously to get rid of Bernadotte. So, according to the best authorities, a team, headed from the bush by Shamir, murdered Bernadotte and his French officer aide. Shamir had chosen the location and the men.

A great Israeli tradition was created by this experiment. It was: we are few, so we must strike first. Every war must be started without warning.

Deir Yassin, a demographic atomic bomb involving 254 deaths, was to humiliate and terrify the Palestinians for two generations.

Dorothy Thompson and Vincent "Jimmy" Sheaun, two seasoned Middle East reporters, were the first non-Jewish Americans who tried valiantly to remind the world of the Arab slaughter, Israeli shame and American complicity. It was Sheaun, enroute to his old friend Mohandas Gandhi and aflame with desire to help Gandhi stem the sinful slaughter between Hindus and Moslem, who found himself spiritually captured by Deir Yassin's butchery. Dorothy, safe in America, read the moddled accounts of the slaughter, filtered tardily through reaction-wary agencies. Sheaun cabled the incredible details to Dorothy. For a decade Dorothy had shared and nurtured a compassion for the Jewish people, yet she dared to step forward with a headline, "Jewish atrocities." After the first blast of horror and disbelief, her whole living, her job, her lectures were gone.

The ostracism of Sheaun, by Zionist standards, was overdue. In his autobiography, Personal History, he had included a chapter about his coming to the British mandate, during the Arab-Jewish riots at Hebron. He was writing under the orders of the Jewish Telegraphic Agency, and knew what was expected of him. Without waiting for the axe to fall, he resigned. With a family of three to feed, he was driven into writing books.

A leading Chicago reporter, Paul Scott Mowrer, visited the Holy Land after World War I and recommended in the Atlantic Monthly that Jews would do well to discard Jerusalem, except as an artifact. The editors were so buried in mail that he promised never to write about the subject again.

One correspondent of the endless wars, Fred Sparks, an American Jew, was so offended by a female engineer, riding an Israeli earth mover to tear up a desert road before its surrender to Egyptians, that he wrote a will bequeathing his fortune to Palestinian orphans. The B’nai Brit broke the clause and got it divided with Israeli children.

“How can we get the Palestine story in that paper?” a fellow Bostonian, young Jack Kennedy, once asked me referring to the Boston Globe.

“They won’t use a word from the Arabs,” I said. "The trouble with Congress is that they lack courage," he suggested. “But nobody expects courage from politicians,” I said. “Reporters have got to expect to run interference for you guys.”

Kennedy had a sharp, interpretive wit, but he seemed almost too kind, not tough enough for domestic campaigning. He got by in his election by selling bonds for Israel, but staying clear of Begin and Shamir, which seemed a fair compromise. Years after I found he had given Israel a Hawk radar anti-air missile system. The Kennedys chose to team up with the Zionists.

Khoury Farms

In 1951 I learned how things were when the Israelis, though not yet in possession of Lebanon’s Litani River, decided to challenge Syria by diverting the upper Jordan. They hoped to lift this meager stream out of its upper bed, pipe it westward over the hills, and down the slope to the coastal
cities, like California reaching east for the
city of Colorado.

My friend Albion Ross of the New
York Times, a burly, solitary bachelor,
hated the flesheous of Beirut. When-
ever he could find a pretext, he flash-
ed east by taxi to Damascus. He
rarely dared to stray to the desert,
much less the Jordan’s upper valley,
because he might get marooned there
with no communications amid a Syr-
ian-Israeli war. The U.S. Information
Service, monthly measuring stick for
this conflict, showed that the Times, as
usual, ran 100 inches of “aggressions”
per month from Jerusalem (hence by
Syria), compared to a mere three
inches from Damascus (hence by Is-
ael). This imbalance in coverage,
multipled all around Israel’s bor-
ders, except from Cairo, helped create
the American illusion of a persecuted
Israel surrounded by hostile Arabs.

As usual, he could not accompany
me to the site of the expected Israeli grab
at Jordan’s water, because the
army, if attacked frontally, was sure
to close the roads. “You go up and try
to send me your story by courier,” he
said. “I’ll try to get it past the censor,
and then use my sniplets six hours
later.” He would, we agreed, scurry
back to Beirut and do a monster piece
if anything serious developed. Next
orning an army jeep picked me up.

The Syrians were totally taken
back by an American who wanted to
hear, see and write their side of the
long-awaited Israeli grab for the
river. In about three hours we reached
the edge of the wide canyon. It was a
magnificent sight. To the north were
the marshes of Huleh, the Jordan’s
one-time basin, nearly all occupied by
new Jewish settlements. All the Syri-
ans had kept, in the Rhodes peace
agreements, were three rocky vil-
lages, perilously perched on the far
side of the tumbling mountain stream.
Neither in Israel nor in Syria, they
were instead in the “demilitar-
ized zone,” an exquisitely legal no
man’s land created to avoid conflicts.
On each side the locals could go to the
unfenced river and draw household
water, but no more. A zigzag jeep
road ran down from the U.N. outpost
on the edge of the bluff.

Only the blue capped U.N. men
could go down and drive across the
single lane bridge, reverently called
in Arabic, the Daughters of Jacob
Bridge. Girls must have dipped their
vases there and then gone back to the
nearest village, now called Khoury
Farms after a politician.

A Syrian lieutenant asked whether
I wanted to sleep in a nearby town. I
said I preferred a cot in the U.N. hut.
The French captain on hand was
sleeping down by the river. There
were friendly lights glimmering in
Khoury Farms, and women’s voices.
Could I go down and visit them? No,
I had to have permission from both
Damascus and Jerusalem. Too bad.

During the night I heard a few
bursts of barking dogs, then the
sound of motors. Car lights raked the
hills and I fancied I heard loudspea-
kers. What wakened me at dawn was
the smell of smoke. I leaped out on
the terrace and looked down. The bridge
was blocked. Khoury Farms was
empty. The houses were broken
walls, burning. Someone gave me
binoculars. Donkeys were gone. Dogs
were running around, trying to bark,
but whimpering.

“Where is the captain?” I asked. The
Syrian officer pointed down. Had he
gone over to the ruins? Nobody had.
Is he up?

“Yes, but he has not had his coffee.”
For several minutes I raked the
ruins, looking for something human.
A few chickens had escaped to the
limits of the burned gardens.

I sent a note down to the French
captain, asking if I might come down.
Eventually he appeared, a compact
body, a clean, wakeful face, excite-
mint nil, controlled.

“Who burned that village?”

“Not the army,” he said. He was
defensive of his profession.

“But who, then?”

“I did not see them.”

“Who else, then?”

“You are the reporter, yes?”

“That’s right.”

“Don’t you know?”

“No, you tell me.”

He scanned me. I waited, and
scanned him.

“I am told that it was the police. The
Israeli border police.”

“Who told you?”

“Reliable people. One of them es-

caped across the water.”

“And the rest?”

“The police put the families in

trucks, and took them away.”

“Where to?”

He shrugged.

“Have you reported this to Govern-
ment House?”

“Not yet. Too soon. Perhaps the
Israelis will tell us what they are af-

er.”

“That’s unlikely,” I said.

“Why not?”

“Because it’s the water.”

“Aha,” he said. “Please don’t ask
me any more questions,” he added.

“Why not?” I asked.

“Shall I tell you?”, a bit nervous
now.

I went into French, to make it easier
to read me. “I would appreciate if you
would put me in the picture.”

He offered me a cigarette. “Listen, I
am not reserve. I am regular army.
This is my career. This report is not
going to be easy. I must be careful.”

His reason, he explained more
softly, was because he was in the
hands of a lieutenant colonel of
American marines. And this superior
would report, going upward through
many hands, to the U.N. in New York,
and eventually to Paris. Whatever he
writes would affect the captain’s ca-

reer.

“So what? That’s the rules of the
game.”

“I know, but this marine is totally
convinced of the virture of the Israelis.
And so are his superiors.”

“Then what are you going to do?”

“Wait for the marine to arrive, and
tell him that nobody called for help
from us. That’s true.”

“And so you’ll let him write the
report, yes?”

“With a few neutral notes for me, a
more French captain.”

“Can you take me across?”

“Have you a permit?”

“No.”

“I’m sorry you won’t get one.”

“I see. Guess I’ll be going. Can I look
at a map, first?”

I returned to Damascus. Ross had
been given a brief communiqué, null
and military. He had gone back to
Beirut, careful not to be too far differ-
ent from the Israeli stories. In fact they hadn't said anything yet. The reason became clear in the next two days. Israeli police had entered the U.N. "demilitarized zone" again, farther downstream toward Galilee. They had burned the other two remaining villages, and taken away the families. Perhaps they wanted to give the impression that transfer was a general policy (a false lead away from the pumping pipe, already laid on the blind, western side of the hill). All right, a policy, but why burn them out?

A bit later an American agency man came, just to cover. He said: "I'm going to do two versions and file them both to London, but different. That's because we have a special wire for Israel, and we don't want our clients making a rewrite. We know what they are allowed."

But even my hurried story of the death of Khoury Farms, going to all our 100 American papers, caused something more than a ripple. Not for the Arabs who lost their homes, of course. The marine told a friend of mine, years later, that he had asked the Israelis to restore the villagers to Khoury Farms. They had refused, possibly because they were about to bring the pipeline down to the river.

Eventually they did. Everything was soon ready for the tap-turning. Then someone in the State Department heard about it. The Americans had spent millions doing over the Jordan irrigation system, and here the Israelis were moving in, taking the water upstream.

They received a mild query, and when nothing happened, another push. Then someone, reportedly Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, became a bit sharper. They were forbidden to take the water. Still there was no comment about the three burned villages.

The Israelis measured how long the Republicans would last in office. Finally, still insisting on their right to enter the forbidden zone, along the river, they moved the pumping station a dozen miles downstream to the lake where Christ appeared to the fishermen. They vaulted the highland there, and thus reached the coast.

Eventually, in 1967, to the mild distress of LBJ, the Israelis prepared a special tank attack on the heights, bombed and torpedoed our navy's scouting ship Liberty, which was tapping their tank radios, mounted the hill and took the Upper Golan Heights.

Some 500 families found their way to the dry, roving tents of the refugees, never to live again with the Jordan at their door.

For years there was trouble along the Syrian border, because the Israelis were constantly probing. They were getting ready for when they could arrange to have not just one, but two interlocking fields of artillery fire, fixing the old mosque of Damascus and the Street Called Straight.

The border with Jordan, nearly 400 miles, was relatively long, since there was almost no Jordan water to be kept or stolen. The dozen bridges that once crossed the sad little river were ripped away, to make sure the Arabs never slipped through the fence from the east.

Samu

My next strange encounter was at Samu in Jordan, in 1966. Some Fatah raiders, the "army" of the P.L.O., slipped across the border, and Israel claimed they were from Samu, an overgrown village of several thousand, partly refugees.

For long, to keep down casualties, the Israelis did raids only by night, or just at twilight, when they could catch villagers coming in from the fields. Such raids, however, could not be covered by aircraft, and as in World War II the destruction of houses and farm equipment was scattered and unsystematic, wasted on open fields.

Moreover, Israel's intelligence about where the guerrillas were hiding—which houses in which villages—was becoming more precise. There was a chance that daylight bombing raids on so-called "terrorist headquarters" could be more precise, and break the morale of the Palestinians.

But still, Ezer Weizmann, nephew of the first president, was said to be wary of placing Israel's American planes in any precarious position which might put them out of the war. With no hope of finding the actual guerrillas, it was decided that the main job would be done on the ground, by engineers in their trucks, following the tanks. The planes would fill the skies, not nominally as bombers, but as "escorts." Publicity-wise, it was an experiment in foreign moral reaction.

And, in fact, it worked. Instead of destroying a dozen houses or so, the engineers worked much faster. In four unhurried hours on foreign soil, they blew up no less than 125 Palestinian homes.

By daylight today the Israelis can do five houses at once, and sometimes even allow the furniture to be strewn outside first.

The Israelis had time to lay ambushes around the town and entrap the rescue party the Jordanians sent out. The Jordanians sent out four old British fighters and lost one. Observing that the Israelis had now passed the moral barrier of using aircraft on civilian targets by day, I waited to see whether the presence of the aircraft was noted in the communique. The air escort was mentioned in one announcement, but in the newspapers later references to the aircraft disappeared.

As I walked up the hill of blood and looked in through the shattered doors, the houses had a grisly resemblance to a modern Pompeii. There were no police left, but the civilians were less numerous than the soldiers, a sign that the army had probably died well. About 30 died in all, plus over 50 wounded. The Israelis did not
fail to destroy the school and a health clinic.

Suddenly I saw, standing diffi-
ciently aside from the ruins, four
people in warm, modish winter over-
coats. They were two of the most
ardent pro-Israelis in Congress,
Edward Kennedy from Massachu-
setts and his wife, and Congressman
Turney from California, the boxer’s
son, and wife. I introduced myself
and asked them what they thought of
this breakthrough in techniques.
Warily, but politely, they shook their
heads. They were unprepared for
comment.

Cairo: 1967

The next year after Samu came the Six
Day war. Actually it lasted only two
hours. I found myself in Egypt when
Nasser announced that he was asking
the United Nations to remove its
troops from Sharm el Sheikh, called
Tiran by the Israelis. This strategic
strait is the chokepoint of the Gulf of
Aqaba. An open gulf is more impor-
tant to Jordan than any other state,
because it is Jordan’s only entrance and
exit by sea. The other three inter-
ested states, Israel, Egypt and Saudi Arabia,
have abundant unobstructed sea-
ways.

Nasser’s move was quickly treated
by Israel as one of intolerable hostility
and tremendous import. At the north-
east end of the sleeve of Aqaba lie the
tiny twin ports of Israel’s Elath and
Jordan’s Aqaba. When Israel started
building up this grievance, passenger
planes regularly flew over both small
resorts. On the Jordan side there ap-
peared a few fishing boats. On the
Israel side there was an aged tanker
of perhaps 5,000 tons. Every fortnight
the tanker disappeared around Ara-
bia to Kharh Island, oil port of the
Shah, in order to bring back a load, in
violation of the general Moslem
agreement to refuse fuel to Israel. Is-
rael didn’t need this oil in this incon-
venient place, having Haifa and other
Mediterranean, deep water stations.
But Israel’s secret services were then
training the Shah’s agents. It was
convenient to pay their bills in this
deliberately inconspicuous fashion.
Foreign correspondents were forbid-
den, in democratic Israel, to write
about petroleum problems.

Opening the straits had some inter-
est for Egypt and, for an unmention-
able reason, for Israel as well. As the
American-created prime airpower of
the Middle East, Israel frequently sent
its bombers over this narrow strait on
secret training missions into Africa,
unnamed in the Israeli press for
obvious reasons. If Israel were some-
day to destroy Egypt’s High Dam, the
key to the Nile’s agriculture, this was
the route its planes would take.

I, too, accidentally, had a role in this
joust. Not long before, I had been in
Aden, far down the Red Sea, when I
saw a plane with American markings
parked on a far corner of the apron. A
stream of little dark people were fil-
ing inside. Who were they? I was told
they were Yemeni Jews leaving for
Israel. A profitable cargo because, in
weight, there were two tickets for
each normal-sized passenger. To get
there they would fly by night north,
squawk over the tight straits on safe
American identification, and arrive in
Israel.

Nasser’s Arab enemies liked to jeer
at him, cautiously, in small print,
because he permitted this American
intrusion by a country that was al-
ways promising him arms, but then
denying them due to the Israeli lobby.

So I got the story, sent it from Aden,
and was royally cursed for a year by
the aviation company, the Israelis and
the Egyptians.

How Israel first decided that Egypt
was a pushover at this moment, and
that a contest would become an impe-
rial campaign to seize Jerusalem and
triple Israel’s real estate, I cannot say.

All one can read from the records is
that Israel devised, from the wrap-
around of Zionists already in
Johnson’s circle, a pressure group of
about five craftsmen at high pressure
gobbledgook. They kept the inse-
cure Johnson almost jumping out of
his skin with Israeli signals. The in-
nermost advisers were the brothers
Eugene and Walt Whitman Rostow,
State and National Security Council
respectively. Close behind were
Clayton Clifford, who had pushed Tru-
man similarly, and Abe Fortas of the
Supreme Court. Arthur Goldberg, the
labor expert at the Supreme Court,
had moved over to the U.N., just be-
fore he efficiently snarled up the Syri-
ans and the Soviets.

The great myth of Israel’s invin-
cibility arose then, when its American
supporters, who rarely knew what
was going on, found that Israel, in-
stead of merely creaming Nasser, had
quadrupled Israel’s property and
even popped the Holy City (to three
faiths) in the bag. How was this illu-
sion of power realized? The answer
was in an almost unread book, Taking
Sides, by Stephen Green, which ap-
ppeared in 1984. It explained, with
dates and places, how the U.S. Air
Force in England secretly delivered,
under cover of fake exercises in Spain,
an entire photographic laboratory of
several collapsible buildings and
chemical baths. They were landed a
couple of days early on a lone field
near Israel’s atomic lab at Dimona.
Israel also got special night fighters
for photographic reconnaissance.

The night before the bombing of all
Egypt’s major airfields, and its radar
systems, the photographs made by
night—hitherto impossible for Is-
rael—were delivered.

Meantime, in Cairo, I was watching
the build-up of a defensive war mood
by Nasser, the bluff of a bold patriot,
cought on a dangerous roll. Nine days
ahead, Dayan ordered mobilization.
Next, Hussein of Jordan (who owed
nothing to the Egyptian who had
easily bribed no less than three chiefs-
of-staff away from his service) took
the sportsmanlike chance of flying to
Cairo and giving Nasser promise of
support. When a royal Hashemite
pulled this surprise, I reasoned, his
Epilogue

This overview of the Palestinian ordeal is interrupted here, after the 1967 war, for the most Palestinian of reasons: lack of space.

All these Israeli moves, up through the eighties, are of the same pattern. Invasion from Israel, inside Palestine, resembles the Israeli foreign invasion of Lebanon. The invasion of Lebanon in 1982 was originally scheduled for 1956 by Moshe Dayan, its inventor, but another disaster, Israel's strike at Suez, took its place.

When the two prime ministers, and extraitors, Menachem Begin and Yitzhak Shamir, reappeared on the tempting 1982 scene, they, with their new co-conspirator, Ariel Sharon, confined their plans to Alexander Haig and the Christian Ma-

ronite president of Lebanon. The White House, as usual, blinked at the effrontery, then winked and yielded. Incredibly, Begin and Shamir were the same identical partisan terrorists who, in 1948, butchered 254 Arab villagers of Deir Yassin and thereby drove 600,000 unarmed Palestinians into Jordan. To-

day, due to their leadership, more than 4,800 untried political prisoners remain in jail.

According to Dr. Geoffrey Clark, a Washington physicist and computer expert, the CIA and Israel's MOSSAD were designated in 1980 to set up for the Lebanese presidential clan, the Gemayels, a back-up militia to hold at bay the Pales- 

tinian army of Yasser Arafat. Today, this
orders not to recognize the junior revolution partly directed by the P.L.O., blindly attempts to find a solution to a just division of Palestine. While continuing to fuel Israel's bloody, hopeless civil war with $3.750 billion in annual military and economic aid, the United States, at the same time, is carrying on a war in the Persian Gulf against Iran, which only two years ago Robert MacFarland, Oliver North and President Reagan overestimating, at Israel's urgent insistence and without formal consent of Congress. Council and, until his death last year at age 90, was active in calling attention to the injustices daily perpetrated against the Palestinian people. His booklet, Torah, Zionism and Palestine, was offered in A.M.E.U.'s Public Affairs Series. Dr. George S. Rentz served with the U.S. Office of War Information in Cairo during World War II. He, too, was an Arabist, an American who had learned to speak Arabic fluently. His focus was the Arabian Peninsula, and his anthropological and cultural research is recorded in such publications as the Encyclopedia of Islam and The Arabia of Ibn Saud. Upon his retirement from Aramco, George became curator of the Middle East collection of the Hoover Institution at Stanford University. From 1976 to 1977 he was a fellow at the Woodrow Wilson Center in Washington, D.C. Subsequently, he became a scholar in residence at Johns Hopkins University. In 1979, George accepted membership on A.M.E.U.'s National Council. Dr. John H. Davis left his post in 1959 as Assistant Secretary of Agriculture and Business Educator at Harvard University and, at the request of President Eisenhower, became the first Commissioner General of the United Nations Relief and Works Agency, the organization set up by the world body to assist Palestinian refugees. When he returned home five years later, John founded: the Washington, D.C.-based American Near East Refugee Aid (1964); directed the New York office of the American University of Beirut (1964-1968); created the American section of the Musa Alami Foundation of Jericho, a vocational school for West Bank Palestinian orphans; and, in 1967, served as the first executive director of Americans for Middle East Understanding, and remained on our Board of Directors until his death earlier this year. John's book, The Elusive Peace, was one of the first by a prominent American to warn of the misuse of American tax dollars to suppress the human rights of the Palestinian people. We honor the memory of these Americans, and we celebrate their courage in speaking out about the Middle East that they had known and loved so much.

substantially since April 1.

Contributions are urgently needed to enable UPMRC to purchase medicine, group and type blood donations, distribute first aid kits, and provide physical therapy to the injured.

Please send your tax-exempt contribution to UPMRC, payable to: Grassroots International, P.O. Box 312, Cambridge, MA 02139.
PROTEST AGAINST U.S. SHIPMENTS OF LETHAL TEAR GAS TO ISRAEL. The American-Arab Anti-Discrimination Committee is asking Americans to write or to call Mr. Dennis Constantine, President of Federal Laboratories, Inc., Saltsburg, PA 15681, tel. 412-639-3511, to request the immediate cessation of all shipments of tear gas to Israel. Federal Laboratories instructs clients not to fire tear gas directly at rioters, not to use the product inside buildings, and not to disperse crowds without proper equipment and planning. Israel has violated every guideline, including use of the gas in hospitals, houses of worship, schools and other confined places. ADC also urges Americans to contact Mr. William Robinson, Director, Office of Munitions Control, U.S. Department of State, tel. 202-875-6650, and to protest Israel’s misuse of the gas against a civilian population outside its borders in violation of the U.S. Arms Export Control Act, which requires the United States to suspend immediately all export licenses for shipments of the gas to Israel.

SPECIAL RESOURCE ON THE PALESTINIAN UPRISING Middle East Report announces a special 72-page May-June issue on the Palestinian uprising. This issue will feature unique reports from the West Bank and Gaza, interviews, profiles, a look at the life of a family, plus reports from the Palestinian diaspora, and a listing of resources.

This issue is ideal for personal use or study groups, and is available in single copies for $5.00 plus 80¢ postage, or in bulk orders at a discount. Send check or money order to: MERIP, 475 Riverside Drive, Room 518, New York, NY 10115.

OMISSION: The caption, which should have appeared under the last political cartoon (left column, page 9 of The Link, Vol. 21, No. 1), reads: "...And if it makes you feel any better, each time you swing, yell 'THIS IS A DEMOCRACY!'"

BOOKS

To order: Check box □ beside book(s) selected Fill in name, address, total number and cost of books ordered Make check payable to AMEU (or phone order to 212-870-2149) Tear off sheet(s) and mail to AMEU

NAME ____________________________
ADDRESS ____________________________
CITY ____________________________ STATE _______ ZIP __________
Total number of books ordered: __________ Total Cost: $ __________


□ Uri Avnery, My Friend, the Enemy, Westport, CT: Lawrence Hill and Company, 1986, 340 pp., $12.95. A long-time Israeli peace activist gives an intimate record of the numerous secret meetings which a small group of “Peace Now” Israeli leaders have had with FLO leaders. Our price, $7.95.


United States has led to a disastrous U.S.
foreign policy. Our price, $7.95.

tions and double standards to which U.S.
and Israeli officials and the media rout
inely resort in discussing the issue of
terrorism. Includes a sharp critique of U.S.
policy in the Mideast. Our price, $5.50.

Middle East and South Asia; separate chapter for each contemporary country
and disputed territory. Our price, $5.50.

- Paul Cossali and Clive Robson, *State
pp., $12.50. These cogent interviews with
a diversity of Palestinians living in the
Gaza Strip give the reader a sympathetic
understanding of the vitality and endur
ance with which they face exile in their
own land under a harsh Israeli occupa
tion. Our price, $8.75.

- James Ennes, Jr., *Assault on the Liberty*,
New York: Random House, 1979, 299 pp.,
$14.95. The author was an officer on the
bridge during the prolonged and brutal
attack on the USS Liberty by Israeli planes
and torpedo boats in 1967 that killed 34
American crewmen and wounded 171
others. Our price, $4.95.

- Elizabeth W. Fernea and Basima Q.
Bezirgan, eds., *Middle Eastern Muslim
Women Speak*, Austin, TX: University of
Texas Press, 1984, 452 pp., $12.50. This
classic collection of autobiographical and
biographical sketches, spanning 13 centu
ries, is a superb introduction to the diver
tsity of experience of Muslim women and
the commonality of many of their con
cerns. Our price, $7.75.

- Paul Findley, *They Dare To Speak Out: People and Institutions Confront Israel's
Lobby*, Westport, CT: Lawrence Hill
and Company, 1985, 362 pp., $8.95. The for
ter eleven-term Congressman from Illi
nois discusses how Americans are victim
ized for opposing the Israeli Lobby. Our
price, $5.95.

- Simha Flapan, *The Birth of Israel*, New
York: Pantheon Books, 1987, 277 pp.,
$18.45. Noted Israeli scholar reconstructs
the actual events behind the official myths
about Israel's founding. Our price, $11.25.

- Haim Gordon and Leonard Grob, eds.,
*Education for Peace: Testimonies from World
Religions*, Maryknoll, NY: Orbis Books,
1987, 240 pp., $14.95. Sixteen essays ad
ressed to students and professors in
peace studies and comparative religion.
Concluding essay focuses on experiment
that transformed 300 mutually suspicious
pupils from Israeli-Jewish and Palestin
ian high schools into mutually supportive
friends. Our price, $8.95.

- Stephen Green, *Living By The Sword: America and Israel in the Middle East*, Brat
tleboro, VT: Amana Books, 1988, 279 pp.,
$19.95. Investigates covert U.S.-Israeli re
lations from 1967-1987, with special focus
on U.S. role in the Israeli nuclear weapons
program and Israel's role in the Iran-con
tra scandal. Our price, $11.95.

- Stephen Green, *Taking Sides: America's
Secret Relations with a Militant Israel*, Brat
tleboro, VT: Amana Books, 1987, 370 pp.,
$9.95. Information from formerly clas
sified documents about: Israel's shaky
relationship with the Eisenhower adminis
tration, the nuclear power plant at Di
mona, and U.S. participation in the 1967
war. Our price, $6.50.


Jon. Marshall, Peter Scott, Jane Hunter, *The Iran-Contra Connection*, Boston: South End Press, 1987, 313 pp., $11.00. Authors argue that Iran-Contra was only the latest in a long tradition of U.S. covert activities. Two chapters detail Israel's role in the Iran-Contra operation. Our price, $7.95.


W. Thomas Mallison and Sally V. Mallison, *The Palestine Problem in International Law and World Order*, Harlow, England: Longman, 1986, 564 pp., $45.95. This monumental study of international law analyzes Zionist political-legal objectives, the partition of Palestine, the legal status of Jerusalem, Israeli settlements and Palestinian rights. Our price, $29.50.

Roy Mottahedeh, *The Mantle of the Prophet: Religion and Politics in Iran*, New York: Pantheon Books, 1985, 416 pp., $9.95. This brilliant narrative study parallels the story of the education of a modern Iranian mullah with the history of Muslim Iran. What emerges is a cultural essay on one of the most interesting and influential of world civilizations. Our price, $6.95.


Donald Neff, *Warriors at Suez*, Brattleboro, VT: Amana Press, 1988, 479 pp., $9.95. The Suez war marked the end of empire for France and England, the rise of
Israel as the regional power, and the emergence of the U.S. as the superpower arbiter in the Middle East. Our price, $6.50.

Augustus R. Norton, Amal and the Shi'ite, Austin, TX: University of Texas Press, 1987, 238 pp., $10.95. Author traces the development of the political power of the Shi'ites in Southern Lebanon and their relationship with the Sunnis, Maronites, Druze, Israelis, and Syrians. Our price, $6.75.

Lee O'Brien, American Jewish Organizations and Israel, Washington, DC: Institute of Palestine Studies, 1986, 238 pp., $12.95. This study profiles major Jewish establishment organizations in the United States, delineates their organizational structure and political agenda, and assesses the content and impact of their Israeli support work. Our price, $7.50.

Gregory Orfalea, Before the Flames: A Quest for the History of Arab Americans, Austin, TX: University of Texas Press, 1988, 354 pp., $22.50. Author, searching for his own past, traces a century of Arab-American history in the U.S. Over one hundred Arab Americans reflect on their ethnicity and collective roots. Our price, $12.75.

Michael Palumbo, The Palestinian Catastrophe, London: Faber and Faber, 1987, 233 pp., $19.95. Working from newly discovered and formerly secret documents in the U.S., Israel and Europe, author demonstrates that the Zionists' official policy in the 1948 war was, in Ben-Gurion's words, "to expel the Arabs and take their places." Testimony of eyewitnesses to the massacres and expulsion of Palestinians. Our price, $12.25.


Edward Said and Christopher Hitchens, eds., Blaming the Victims, New York: Verso, 1988, 296 pp., $13.95. Eleven essays by Said, Hitchens, Chomsky, Khalidi and others show that spurious academic efforts and denial of the truth by Western governments and media have thwarted Palestinians' claims to a homeland and existence as a people. Our price, $8.95.

Tom Segev, 1949: The First Israelis, New York: Free Press, 1986, 379 pp., $19.95. An Israeli journalist uses declassified Israeli documents to provide insights into Israel's first year of independence, including the forced expulsion of the Arab population. Our price, $11.95.


Edward Tivnan, The Lobby: Jewish Political Power and American Foreign Policy, New York: Simon and Schuster, 1987, 304 pp., $19.95. A former reporter for Time magazine, Tivnan has thoroughly researched the history of the Zionist lobby in preparing this lively and cogent attack on AIPAC, the American Israel Public Affairs Committee. He argues that by dominating U.S. Jewish opinion, as well as general American debate on the Middle East issues, AIPAC has damaged prospects for an Arab-Israeli peace. Our price, $12.95.

A.M.E.U.'s Matching Gift Program
For Libraries
A.M.E.U.'s Matching Gift Program for Libraries enables us to
double the amount of your donation of $50.00 or more toward the
purchase of books for a school library or public library. When a
donor sends us a check for $50.00, we will match that amount to
give a library a selection of books priced in our catalogue at
$100.00 ("our price") and worth between $165 to $200 at retail list
price. The donor may request that A.M.E.U. make the selection of
books and library, or the donor may give A.M.E.U. a list of design-
nated books and the school or public library to which books will
be donated. Also, please advise whether or not we should include
a card with the books announcing that the gift is being sent in your
name.

A.M.E.U. Board of Directors:
Hugh D. Auslinschless
Atwater, Bradley
& Partners, Inc.

John V. Chapple
Former C.A.R.E. Director,
Gaza Strip Project

Paul Findley
Lecturer, author,
member of Congress, 1961-82

Henry G. Fischer
(Vice President)
Research Curator
in Egyptology,
Metropolitan Museum of Art

Grace Haisell
Writer

Robert M. Henry
Aramco, retired

O. Kelly Ingram
Professor, Duke University

Robert E. Marsh
Independent Consultant

Paul N. McConkey, Jr.
Attorney

David Nes
Retired Foreign
Service Officer, Class 1

John G. Nolan
(Secretary)
Archbishop for
the Military Services

Joseph L. Ryan, S.J.
Amman, Jordan

Talcott W. Seelye
Former U.S.
Ambassador to Syria

Jack B. Sunderland
(President)
Chairman,
Museco Petroleum, Inc.

John M. Sutton
Methodist Minister

L. Humphrey Walz
Associate Executive,
H.R. Presbyterian Synod
of the Northeast

Mark R. Wellman
(Treasurer)

Marshall W. Wiley
Attorney; former U.S.
Ambassador to Oman

A.M.E.U. National Council:
Hon. James E. Atkins
Dr. H. Kent Carmanich
William R. Chandler
David S. Dodge
Barthes Elk
Dr. Francis H. Horn
Dr. Cornelius H. Hous
Dr. Harry N. Howard
Judge Philip C. Jessop
Moorehead Kennedy
Ann Kerr
John D. Law
Prof. George Lenczewski
Dr. W.T. Mallison

Sister Blanche Marie McEnery
Hon. Sheldon T. Mills
William E. Mulligan
Floyd W. Ohliger
C. Herbert Oliver
George L. Parkhurst
Marie Petersen
Donald L. Powers
John J. Slocum
Dr. John C. Trevor
Donald W. Wagner, Jr.
Dr. George H. Weightman

A.M.E.U. Staff:
John Mahoney,
Executive Director
Shibahaw Wabatu,
Accounts Manager
Arthur E. Leen,
Book Program Director
L. Cooley, Editor

A.M.E.U. (ISSN 0024-4007) grants
permission to reproduce material
from The Link, in part or whole,
with full credit given to A.M.E.U.,
which requests one copy of the
work upon publication.
All correspondence should be ad-
dressed to: Room 771, 475 River-
side Drive, New York, NY 10115.
(212) 870-2336.

A $20.00 voluntary annual subscription is requested to
cover cost of postage and handling for The Link and
A.M.E.U.'s Public Affairs Series.